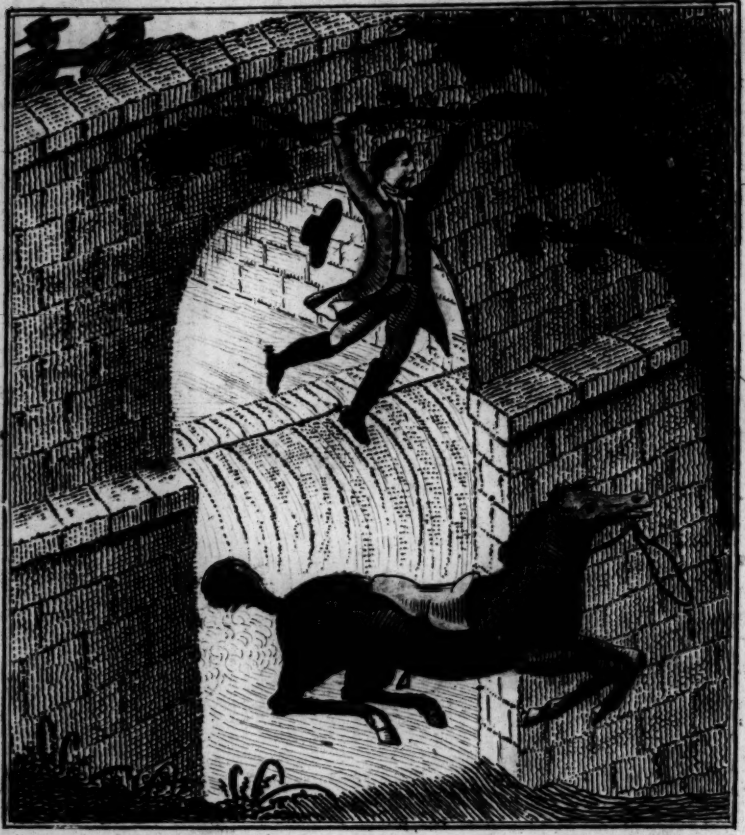
LAMBERTS LEAP

to face the Title Pa.



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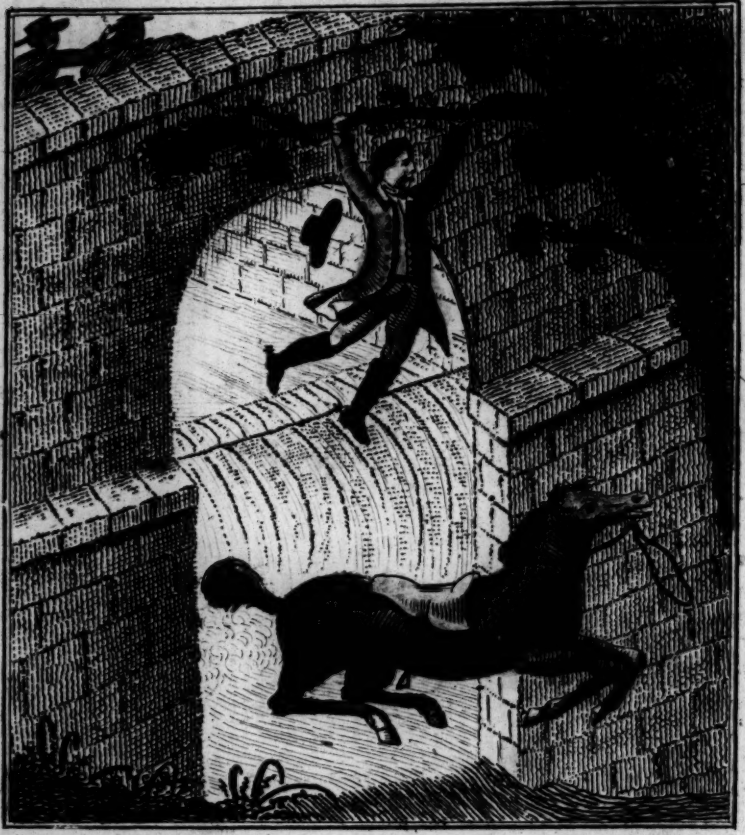

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LITTLE TRUTHS
BETTER THAN
GREAT FABLES:

Containing Information on divers Subjects, for the Instruction of CHILDREN.

VOL. I.
WITH COPPER-PLATE CUTS.

THE SECOND EDITION.

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INTRODUCTION.

IT has been obſerved by ſome authors, that the minds of children are as white paper, from which, erroneous impreſſions are difficult to eraſe; and the learned ADDISON compares them to marble in the quarry, capable of being formed and ſquared by a gradual proceſs, previous to

its being made uſeful or poliſhed: in this view doth the Author of the following Pages behold the minds of infants. Having ſeen the great hurt of impreſſing falſe ideas on their minds, and the loſs many are at in riper years, for want of proper informations in their childhood, on divers ſubjects; has induced him to ſubmit the following ſheets to the conſideration of parents, for the uſe of their children in the nurſery. That all who read theſe in their youth, may avoid the ſimilar miſtake of a

parent,

LITTLE TRUTHS, &c.

COME, children, let us walk to the farm, and ſee what is doing there. *How far is it to the farm?* I cannot ſay exactly, but it is not too far to walk; we muſt go down the lane as far as the white gate, then through one field, over the crooked ſtile into the park; and there we may ſee the farm at

the bottom of the hill. Let Sally and Hannah have their bonnets on, and take their clogs with them, as the graſs may be damp with the dew.

How ſweetly the birds ſing, there is one that ſings very loud! *Sure it is a great bird to ſing ſo loud!* That is not always the caſe, for the wren is a ſmall bird and ſings very loud; and ſome little boys and girls make more noiſe with their tongues than large men and women; but I hope you will not ſpeak ſo loud as

to

to be noiſy, now you are going to the farm, where all ſeems very quiet, except the hens, who have juſt laid their eggs, and ſeem proud to tell of it—Cluck! Cluck! Cluck-a-ra-Cluck! what a noiſe, indeed!

There is a hen and chickens ſtrayed from the farm! See how the chickens run when ſhe calls them; what a kind mother! ſcratches for food, and when ſhe finds it, calls her chicks to eat it; but how the little things fight! when one

one gets a worm, another wants it, and that is very greedy, which I hope no children will ever ſhew a diſpoſition to, when any thing is placed before them to eat, as it will be unpleaſing in the eyes of thoſe who may entertain them. *How many chickens are there?* Nine or ten, and ſome hens bring more; in a cold time ſhe calls them under her wings, there ſhe keeps them warm, there ſhe fans them in the heat of the ſun, and there ſhe keeps them from heavy rains. But how ſhe ſcreams and

lifts

lifts up her wings! *What is the matter? Poor hen and chicks, we will not hurt you!* See, there is a bird over them, flying round and round, perhaps it is a hawk. *Let us throw up our hats and ſcare it away; there it goes, naughty hawk!* It wanted to pick up a chicken to eat, and then might come for more; hawks are birds of prey, and eat ſmall birds when they can catch them. *Run home, poor hen and chickens.* Ah, run away, for I think you will be glad to be at the barn-door, where the ſight of the fierce cock may keep the hawk away. There

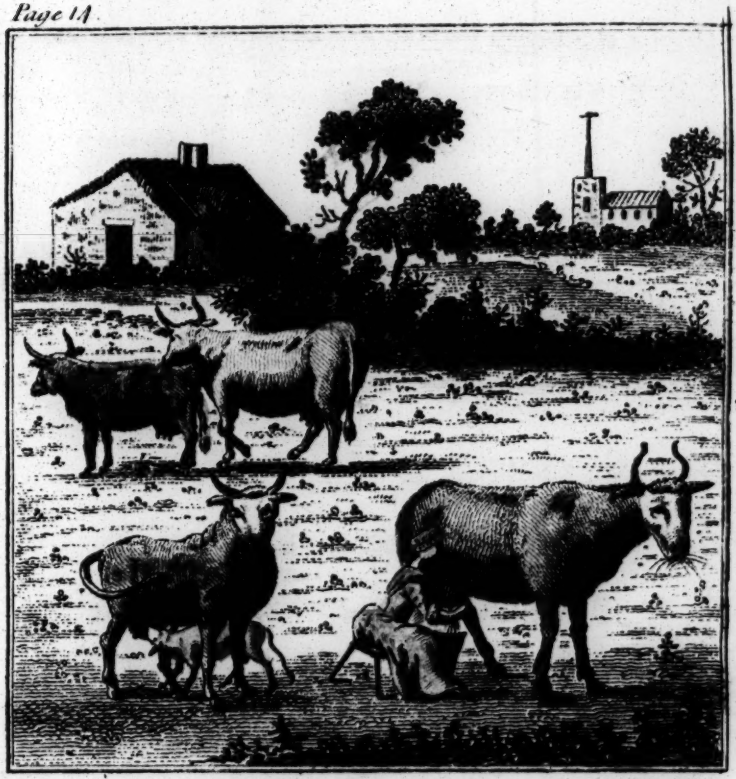
There is the farm-houſe under the great trees. *But what makes the top look yellow? the top of our houſe is red.* The top of the farm-houſe is thatched, that is, covered with ſtraw, made tight with twigs and wood pegs; it looks neat when firſt done, and comes cheap to the farmer, as no tiles are made near this farm, and the ſtraw grows on his land. *Does ſtraw grow?* Yes; wheat, barley, rye, and oats, grow on long ſtalks, and thoſe ſtalks, when dry, are called ſtraw. *And does malt grow on ſtalks?* Malt

is made from barley; being firſt put in water, it ſwells ready to burſt, and then is dried at a fire, called a malt-kiln. *Aye, they make beer of malt.* The farmer makes beer, which is very good and uſeful not taken to exceſs, and, if we are thirſty, he may give us ſome. *Is the farmer a brewer?* Yes; for his own family, he does not ſell it, he has a number of ſervants, men and maids:

He finds them all bread, meat, and beer,
And pays them wages by the year.

There is the maid milking a cow; how quiet the cow ſtands eating hay; ſome cows kick very much, and then their hind legs are tied, leaſt they ſhould kick over the pail, or hurt the milk-maid. *What a number of cows there are!* Yes, and one cow gives four quarts of milk, ſome give more, and ſome not ſo much. *Sure there muſt be a large family, to drink all the milk ſo many cows give.* It is not all uſed in the farm-houſe, ſome is made into butter and ſome into cheeſe, which he ſells to help pay his rent. *So then,*

Sally,



There is one cow got a calf; how it jumps and ſkips, then runs and ſucks a little milk.

Sally, they make butter and cheeſe of milk; what child would have thought ſo, if it was not told.

There is another cow got a calf; how it jumps and ſkips, then runs and ſucks a little milk. *Poor little calf! may I ſtroke it?* I fear it will not ſtand ſtill; ſee there are horns in its forehead. *But it is not the ſame colour as the cow; well, that is very odd: the cow has a white back and ſpotted ſides, and the calf is all red but a white face and tail!* That is very common, my dear

dear Tom, for ſome black cows have red and white calves; and ſee, Sally's hair is quite brown, her ſiſter's is red, and their mother's is black: theſe are ſome of the ſecret works of Providence, and too much for us to find out.

But come, let us ſit down on the bank, under the oak tree, and there you may find ſome acorns, and if we take a few to the farm, the pigs will be glad to eat them, but do not eat any yourſelves. *What are acorns?* The ſeeds of the oak;

and

and one acorn brings a young tree, which, in a number of years, is cut down and ſquared for uſe: with the large trees they build ſhips to go on the ſeas; with ſome they build houſes, barns, and ſtables; the branches make poſts, rails, and gates; with the bark, leather is tanned; and the roots are burned: what great things come from a little acorn!

Hark! there flies a bee, humming as it goes; take care children! here it

comes! do not offer to ſtrike at it, and then it may not hurt; but, if offended, it can ſting very bad, and cauſe great pain and ſwelling. *Is this the bee we read of in the hymn book?* Yes it is.

" *How doth the little buſy bee*
" *Improve each ſhining hour,*
" *And gather honey all the day*
" *From every opening flow'r.*

" *How ſkilfully ſhe builds her cell,*
" *How neat ſhe ſpreads the wax,*

" *And*

" *And labours hard to ſtore it well*
" *With the ſweet food ſhe makes.*"

A very good child to remember what ſhe reads; I have ſeen the little things very buſy at work, through a glaſs; the comb they make is very curious; they work very hard in gathering wax and honey; they carry all the dead bees out of their hives, nor ſuffer any to live among them that do not work; their honey is uſeful in bad coughs; their wax very good, in many ſalves, to heal

 wounds;

wounds; and, when whitened, makes good candles. *And our maid rubs it on a bruſh to poliſh the furniture with.* Yes; but let us walk on, leſt we catch cold ſitting here.

There is a mole trap; go, ſee if it has caught a mole. *Yes; it has.* Feel what a ſoft ſkin. *I am afraid of it; let Charles feel it.* It will not hurt; it is quite dead. *Poor little mole; why did they kill it?* To prevent its making more hills, by ſcratching for worms to eat; ſee,

ſee, what a many hills there are; and, if let alone for ſome time, would make it difficult to mow the graſs down; it takes great labour to cut down mole-hills. *Charles ſays, a mole is blind.* That is a common error; they have eyes, though very ſmall ones; if their ſkins were larger they would make very warm clothing, as ſoft as velvet; if the ſkin of this mole was dried, it would make a purſe for a farmer's man. *And it would make Hannah's doll a good muff!*

Come on, Henry; and leave of picking flowers now, as the graſs may ſoon be wet. *How can the graſs be wet? it does not rain.* There is a moiſt vapour ariſes from the earth, and falls down again; ſometimes we can ſee it ariſe, and ſometimes we cannot; it is called dew, and great is the nouriſhment that many plants and herbs receive therefrom: in low moiſt places it riſes more frequent than on the hills, which makes the valleys moſt fruitful: and when the ſummer is about to leave us, or in the winter

winter ſeaſon, it riſes ſo faſt as to cauſe a fog, and falls, like ſmall rain, again to the earth. *O, I remember to have ſeen a man's hat and hair all wet, and ſometimes white with the dew!*

Here is the farm-yard; what a number of cocks and hens, and ſome pigs. *And a great dog! I hope he is chained up; how he barks!* Do not go near him, though he wags his tail now, and looks good-natured, he barks to let the family know ſomebody is coming. *Where is our*

dog? There he runs, Sally: come here, Prince, and let thoſe goſlings alone! ſee how the gander fights with his wings, and hark how the gooſe hiſſes; come here, Prince! they are quite afraid. *See, a woman is coming with a broom!* But, there they all run into the water. *What little things to ſwim ſo:—Yes, Charles, but a duck is leſs, and ſwims quite as well.* They are formed ſo to do; their bodies are flat, their feathers light, and their feet webbed to ſwim with: they catch flies on the water; they

Come here, Prince, and let thofe goflings alone!

they eat ſmall frogs and duck-weed; they come out of the water to eat worms, and get ſome corn to eat in the farm-yard.

What a large pond! Where does the water come from? Some water ſprings from the earth, and out of many a hill or rock, and ſome falls in rain from the clouds, and, deſcending on the hills, runs to the valleys and low places, and in its courſe forms ditches and rivers, which finally empty themſelves into the ſea.

Ponds

Ponds or pools of water do not run, and are not ſo good as ſpring and river water.

See that pretty lamb, eating milk and bread from the child's bowl. *I ſhould like ſuch a lamb, but he would dirt our houſe, and brother Charles would ride him as he does Prince: poor innocent lamb!* He runs when called, walks with the children into the fields, eats a little graſs, and trots home by their ſide, and in the ſummer evening, ſkips and gambols about, till he is tired and lays down to reſt.

What

What a little poney that boy rides. He has been into the fields with beer for the labourers, he brings home the empty bottles, he carries them their dinner when too far to come for it, he goes to market with a ſack of corn and ſome fowls, and brings home plums from the ſhop to make puddings. *Poor little horſe; good little boy; if I had that horſe I would do ſo too.*

Yet, I fear, my little Charles would not be long content with ſo ſteady a horſe

horſe as the plowboy rides; he rode his wooden horſe at home ſo faſt as to throw it over, broke its head, and made his own noſe bleed. *That was not a live horſe, and on the flat ſtones in the yard.* But the ſame thing might happen on an even road, to thoſe who want to go ſo very faſt, either on a live or wooden horſe; live horſes have a deal of ſpirit, and are very ſtrong; ſome run away with men on them, and what would a little boy do? *I would hold tight by his mane.* That will not always ſave a rider;

rider; for thoſe who ride with great care are in danger of falling ſhould the horſe ſtart. I remember to have read of LAMBERT'S LEAP, ſo named from the providential eſcape of Cuthbert Lambert, of Newcaſtle upon Tyne, who was riding full ſpeed over Sandiford ſtone bridge, and endeavouring to turn his horſe round, ſuddenly the beaſt ſtarted and leaped over the battlement; the horſe was killed by the fall, being twenty feet to the bed of the water, but the man was providentially caught in the boughs

boughs of an aſh, where he hung by his hands, till relieved by ſome paſſengers coming that way. I hope, therefore, my children will be careful never to get on a horſe without my knowledge.

What pretty things that boy has got! What are they? How ſpotted! and what nice colours! O, naughty boy! what pain muſt the poor birds feel for the loſs of ſo many eggs! *Are they eggs?* Yes; there are many ſorts of birds, and each ſort lays a different egg; every egg that

boy

boy has got, might have brought a bird. We frequently ſee hens eggs, they bring chickens; the mother ſits on, warms, and animates them; in about twenty-one days chickens are formed within them; they burſt the ſhell, come out, and in a few days run and eat, as we have ſeen them do juſt now.

I ſaw a bird one day with ſome ſtraw in its mouth. That was to help build a neſt. *But the birds at our houſe build theirs with mud.* Thoſe are ſwallows: but every

every bird's neſt is not formed alike, nor is every bird alike; ſome are large and do but little, others ſmall and induſtrious; ſome are beautiful, and their plumage has half a dozen colours; others have but one or two dull colours; ſome never perch in trees, and others live at all times in them; ſome live on fruits; ſome ſeek inſects and catch flies; and numbers of others ſeize ſmall birds and eat them, as the hawk wanted to do by the chickens.

They are cruel birds to eat others! And do ſuch birds build neſts? All birds have neſts; the large ones build their neſts in high places, as in woods and in the holes of rocks, above our reach; the eagle brings forth its young in the cliffs of craggy rocks; the owl, that ſeldom flies by day, and is only heard by night, ſeeks a retired ſituation, perhaps the ſummit of a ruined barn, or lays her eggs in a hollow tree; the jackdaws build their neſts in caſtles or ſteeples, and ſometimes in the uſeleſs chimney

of an old manſion; the lark, that is ſeldom ſeen on any tree, but ſings as mounting in the air, is contented with her neſt upon the ground; ſome make their neſts in trees and hedges; and the little tom-tit conſtructs a curious neſt indeed; the rook builds a neſt with twigs, and is lined with wool or hair (I have known part of an old wig found in the lining of a crow's neſt); ſome plaſter the inſide of their neſts with mud, and others line them with the ſofteſt and warmeſt materials; nay,

nay, I am told, ſome birds take their own feathers for their little ones to repoſe on.

It is there they lay their eggs; the cock and hen at times ſit on them in the neſt, with great care; the warmth of their bodies put every thing into motion within the eggs, which produce little creatures, who break the ſhell that holds them and come forth.

When the hen ſits alone, the cock

will bring her food, ſits on ſome neighbouring ſpray, and often ſings to pleaſe her: when the young are hatch'd, the old ones feed them with great care, fly far for their food, and divide it equally among the brood. In ſtorms, they hurry to their neſt, and cover it with their wings to keep out wind and water from hurting them; all night they cheriſh the little things from cold damps: and when any one would ſteal or hurt them, they fly around their neſt in pain, and ſeem to call in great diſtreſs

diſtreſs for help; they will attack the robber, and purſue him. Even the hen and gooſe (cowards as they are alone) will attack the greateſt dog, nor fear a man who attempts to hurt or take away their brood.

I have ſeen young chaffinches ſhut within a cage hung up in a garden, where the old ones came regulary to feed them, till they were able to pick up their own food. As parents are careful to provide for their children,

ſo are birds careful of their young! I hope none of you will ever ſteal their eggs or broods to give them pain. *Poor little birds! I hope we ſhall never hurt them.*

As the ſun is now ſetting, and the farmer, returned from his day's labour, has called the family together, under the old oak-tree at the door, and is about to read the Bible to them, (ſee how quiet they all ſit to hear him!) we will not diſturb them, by going too near the

the houſe; but return home and read our Bible too, hoping ſome other time to come again.

" At evening tide, the air ſerene,
Behold a rural pleaſant ſcene,
The bleating herds, the lowing kine,
The ſpreading oak, the tow'ring pine;
The air from noxious vapours free,
Whilſt ſquirrels trip from tree to tree,
And the ſweet ſongſters hover round
Herbs and flowers that deck the ground;

Each their various bloom produce,
Some for delight, and ſome for uſe;
With wonder veiw the great deſigns,
In which ſuperior Wiſdom ſhines,
Revere his name, admire his love,
And raiſe our thoughts to things above."

LITTLE

LITTLE TRUTHS, &c.

PART II.

THE lark, pleaſed with the falling ſhowers, aroſe this morning with the ſun, and ſoaring upward, ſeemed to ſing the praiſes of its Maker. What a fine ſeaſon! how ſweet the cool air ſmells, now mixed with the ſcent of many

many flowers! *Do, pray, let us take a walk this morning; I was ſo pleaſed laſt evening, I ſhould like to go again.*

If it continues fair, perhaps, we may go after breakfaſt; as that is not yet ready, call the other children here; let us ſit down and read ſome book.

Give the book to Hannah; I hope ſhe will ſpeak up, and mind her ſtops: what book is it? "*Counſel to Children.*" Well, read with care.

"Watch

" Watch all your words, and ever ſpeak the truth;
" What more belov'd, or comely is, in youth?
" *Lie* not in jeſt, nor in a trifling thing;
" 'Tis ſtill a *lie*, and may to greater bring.
" If, by neglect, by chance, or otherwiſe,
" A dread of ſome diſpleaſure ſhould ariſe;
" Humbly declare it unto them you fear,
" And thus make way that they the *truth* may here:
" *I doubt*

" *I doubt I've ſomething done that is*
amiſs;
" *Be not diſpleas'd, I'll tell thee what it is.*
" What parent, or what friend, would
angry be,
" When youth ſo honeſt, and ſo wiſe
they ſee?

" *Ill company*, that worſt of ſnares,
refrain;
" Let them entice, but ſtill entice in
vain.

" How

" How will your parents, or your friends, rejoice,
" When they ſhall hear their children's happy choice!"

Very good advice; I hope you will all attend to it, never daring to tell an untruth: try, Hannah, if little Tom can learn to ſay that without the Book. *What are books made of?* Paper. *What is paper made of?* Some with rags, ſome with ropes; white paper is made with white rags, and brown paper is made

made with old ropes or ſacking. *Where do they make paper?* At the mill: the rags and materials are beat and ground fine, when ſoaked in water with alum and other gummy ſubſtances till quite of a thick jelly, it is poured on a frame, dried, and then preſſed into ſheets. *But what uſe can the poor woman make of the old paper ſhe picks up in the ſtreets?* She ſells it, and it is worked into ſtout paper boards, which are made into boxes, and covered over with printed or ſtained paper, ſuch as we often hear

the

the man cry, " Buy a box, buy a lock or a bonnet-box." *If rags makes paper, what are rags made of?* Clothes of all ſorts, worn and torn, are called rags; ſome of ſilk, ſome of linen, and ſome of woollen. Hemp and flax grow in plants, and, when ripe, the fibres are picked, ſoaked, or beaten out; and are ſpun into thread by women and children; then it is wove into cloth by the weaver, ſuch as ſhirts, ſhifts, frocks, caps, and handkerchiefs are made of; which are called linen, and the ſeed of

the

the flax is called linſeed. But, remember, a great many ropes, lines, cords, and packing thread (ſuch as boys ſpin tops with) are made of hemp; it is only the fineſt hemp that is made into cloth, and that is eſteemed coarſe, though very ſtrong wear for poor people. There are large quantities of cotton (which grows on a tree in the Weſt-Indies) brought to England, where it is ſpun and wove into cloths and checks. At Nottingham, many cotton ſtockings are made.

For

For woollen cloth we are in debt to the ſheep; they are ſhorn once a year, their wool is combed, which cleans and ſmooths it, then ſpun into threads of different ſizes, called yarn; ſome is twiſted, and then is called worſted; ſome is wove into camblets and ſundry neat cloths for women, others is wove into ſtouter cloths for men, and a great quantity of worſted is knit into ſtockings, caps, and gloves.

But what makes ſilk? Silk is ſpun by a

particular kind of worm reſembling a caterpillar; it comes in great quantities from many warm countries; from the Eaſt-Indies large quantities are annually brought; very little is produced in England: but we may get ſome ſilk-worms ſoon, and as they feed on mul-berry leaves, we ſhall be able to ſee the manner in which they produce ſilk. Hark! the bell rings, breakfaſt is ready, let us go directly.

Be careful to make no dirt with your bread

bread and butter; ſit upright; and when any of you drink, hold the mugs of milk and water tight. Keep your feet off the frames of the chairs; give nothing to the cat or dog without aſking leave.

How thankful we ought to be for ſuch a refreſhing meal, whilſt many poor families have ſcarcely bread to eat.

How can any body want, when there is ſuch a deal of corn grows! That will take

too long for me to tell now; but many poor men have large families, and earn barely enough to find them food from day to day: and if unwell, the family depending on the labour of the man's hands, are often in diſtreſs for bread, or clothes; and ſome go without ſhoes and ſtockings. *And ſometimes, Charles, the poor man dies.* Then the mother has hard work to keep the children. *Our poor waſher-woman has three children, they have no father, and the biggeſt girl carries the little baby to ſuck when their mother is*

at

at work from home. I have ſeen mama give them ſome of our clothes and ſome victuals. When the children are big enough, I would have Sally go ſometimes and teach them to read and work at their needle, that may greatly recommend them for places to get a living in. *I ſhould be glad to do it, but they are ſo very dirty.*

Their mother is a clean woman, and would not ſuffer them to go ſo if ſhe could avoid it; for, being out at work

all day, ſhe cannot keep her own houſe and children ſo clean as they uſed to be; her time is employ'd in procuring bread: ſhe claims our pity, and is much to be eſteemed for her honeſty; it is a virtue, and ſhines greateſt in the midſt of poverty. Her induſtry is another virtue; and, was it not for the grief which ſeems to ſit heavy on her brow for the late loſs of her dear huſband (the father of her children, and ſupport of their little flock) ſhe ſeems patiently to bear her lot; and it would give pleaſure to ſome

minds,

minds, to ſee with what joy they run to meet her in the evening, clinging round her knees; and what comfort ſhe ſeems to feel on finding them in health: her firſt care is, to inquire how they ſpent the time in her abſence; and, while they relate, ſhe divides ſome food (the bounty of her employer) equally among them.

Go, reach me that book, called "*Fruits of a Father's Love.*" Here, Sally, read this.

" I recommend little children, widows, and infirm or aged perſons chiefly, to you; ſpare ſomething out of your own belly, rather than let theirs go pinched. Avoid that great ſin of needleſs expence on your perſons, and on your houſes, while the poor are hungry and naked; my bowels have often been moved, to ſee very aged and infirm people, but eſpecially poor helpleſs children, lie all night, in bitter weather, at the threſholds of doors in the open ſtreets, for want of better lodging. I

have

have made this reflection, *If you were ſo expoſed, how hard would it be to endure ?"*

What anſwer can my children make to that laſt reflection. *Why, it would be very hard to lie in the ſtreets, and I hope no children ever will again, as there are ſo many houſes building.* There are more houſes and rooms already, than would ſupply the people who want; but the misfortune is, many who have, will not open to thoſe who have none.

I believe,

I believe, the ſuperfluity of the clothed would more than cover the naked, and the parts of houſes not uſed, would more than ſupply thoſe who have ſcarce a hovel to dwell in. But the poor, in many parts of England, are taken more care of than formerly; as houſes of induſtry are now built, to which many retire in feeble old age, and find a ſtill retreat; their wants are relieved, and their bodies covered with clothing that is warm, ſimple, and decent.

Now,

Now, pray, let us go into the orchard? Yes, if you will remember not to eat any fruit without my knowledge. *I will take care little Charles and Tom ſhall not, and I hope we know better.* Better than to do what? *Than to eat any thing that is poiſon.* But I only let you go on conditions, that you eat nothing, without my ſeeing and conſenting; for eating unripe fruit, and ſome, perhaps, withered with laying long on the ground, may do more harm than you think for. *As mama ſays ſo, we will be careful to eat*

nothing

nothing without her leave. Not one apple, I charge you; for every apple eat now, will reduce the quantity of cyder. *Do they make cyder of apples?* Yes, ſure; and, as I have a little time to ſpare, I will go into the orchard and tell you how that is done. *We all love cyder; it is very pleaſant in hot weather: may we have ſome now?* Not till dinner-time, we have not long breakfaſted, and it is quite improper for little folks to drink between meals; here are ſome raſpberries, eat of them. *Some red and ſome white:*

white: do they all grow on one tree? Not on one buſh; the red grows on one, the white on another; but it would puzzle many perſons to tell by the buſh, which bears a white or which a red, till the fruit appears; the ſame thing may be obſerved in currants and gooſeberries: though the black currant buſh is very well known from the red and white, as the leaves, wood, and ſmell are different. Plants of this kind bearing ſmall fruit, are all called buſhes, ſuch as grow in gardens, as well as thoſe in

woods and fields: then, remember, ſlows, hips, haws, blackberries, and ſuch kinds of fruit, grow on buſhes, which are a proviſion for the poor harmleſs birds in winter, when froſt and ſnow covers the ground and they cannot come at any other kind of food.

Come, now for the orchard: what fine apples on the trees; and a good ſprinkling of pears: *but I wiſh to know, how apples make cyder.* Shut to the orchard gate to keep the pigs out, and I will relate how it is done. When

When the apples are ripe, we ſqueeze them in a machine for that purpoſe; and taking the pulp, put it into large hair bags, in which it is preſſed till all the juice runs out; it is then put into a large caſk, and let ſtand in a warm place, where it ſoon begins to ferment. *Ferment! pray what is that?* We have ſeen beer work out of the bung-hole of a barrel, and ſo will the juice from the apples work or ferment of itſelf; after this fermentation has continued ſome time, it acquires the taſte and properties of cyder;

cyder; and then it is drawn off into caſks and bottles: and, I am told, this is the manner of making wine in warm countries. *And can they make wine of apples?* No; wine is made of grapes: but a ſimilar proceſs is uſed in making wine from grapes, as in making cyder from apples.

Pears make a pleaſant liquor called Perry. Crabs (with which verjuce is made) are very ſour, and grow wild in ſome hedges, in many parts of England.

I am

I am told the hedge-hog, who is covered with long ſharp prickles (or thorny quills) will roll himſelf among the crabs that lay under the trees, and by that means many ſtick to his prickly ſides, which he carries to his den for a ſtore. When attacked by an enemy, he is found rolled up in a lump or ball, its head and feet being quite hid, and is often rolled about by a dog in that poſture, without venturing to put his head out. Thoſe animals which attempt to bite it, more frequently receive than

give a wound. It ſleeps by day, and cries in the night, not much unlike a child that cannot ſpeak. It is accuſed of ſucking cows, and many pariſh officers pay four-pence per head to all bringers of them: but that is an error, its mouth being ſo ſmall as to excuſe it from that charge. Buffon (who kept them in his garden) ſays, they were very harmleſs and ſerviceable in eating inſects and worms.

How do they firſt get trees to plant? Pips of

of apples, pears, and crabs, the kernels of divers plums, ſown early in the ſpring of the year, become young plants, and are called ſtocks, which in two or three years are grafted; ſo that it is no uncommon thing to find a may-duke cherry growing on the ſtock of the crab! or an apricot or arloin plum on the ſtock of a cherry! *That is curious indeed! but how is it done?* An opening is made with a knife in the bark, near to the top of the ſtock, wherein a healthy ſhoot (cyon, or bud) from a

well known bearing fruit-tree, is put; being bound up with baſs of a mat or ſmall thread, and encloſed with clay; in a few months it ſhoots into buds, leaves, and branches; in time it bloſſoms, and will bear the ſame kind of fruit as the tree from whence it was taken.

Some curious perſons by this means have two or three kinds of fruit upon one tree, and in our garden is a gooſeberry buſh, which bears red, black, and

and yellow; but I obſerve the fruit of ſuch trees is not ſo fine in ſize or flavour as thoſe that bear but one ſort.

There are perſons who keep large gardens, called nurſeries, for raiſing of trees and plants, which they ſell. When a tree decays or is broke off by the wind, another is often planted to ſupply its place. Some trees are a long time in coming to perfection; but when they bear fruit, they repay us for the labour in planting and pruning.

What do they do with old fruit trees? A great many are burned; others are very uſeful for divers purpoſes; the pear-tree, being a ſolid wood, is made into chairs and divers toys; the wood of the cherry and plum-tree is ſerviceable; the large walnut-tree makes good chairs, drawers, and tables, though not eſteemed ſo much as mahogany, that comes from the Weſt-Indies, and in which, I am told, worms do not breed to conſume it, as is the caſe with many other ſorts of wood.

I have

I have ſeen black-birds flying over walnut-trees. Perhaps they were crows. Crows love walnuts, and carry great quantities away. The ſmaller birds eat many grapes, cherries, and currants. Waſps are fond of pears and other ſweet fruits. Be careful to look at ripe pears, peaches, or plums, before you bite them; as I have often found ſeveral waſps in them, who had eaten moſt of the inſide away, though the outſide appeared pretty fair, except one ſmall hole. The waſp's ſting is very venomous, and in the mouth or

throat may be dangerous. They conſtruct a comb juſt like that of the bee, and is often found in the hole of a rotten tree, or in the bank of a hedge in the field; ſometimes ſchool-boys (who go to deſtroy them) are ſo violently ſtung as to be quite unwell; if therefore you ſhould ever ſee a waſp's neſt, carefully avoid it.

Call the dog from the pond; if the young ducks are there, he may hurt them. *Prince! Prince! come here; he does not mind my calling.* He runs very faſt;

faſt; he cannot hear, he is ſo far off. Let us go after him. *O dear, he is in the water? will not he be drowned?* No, he can ſwim, moſt dogs can ſwim, but he muſt not worry the ducks; call him here. *Prince! come away.* Now he hears, he comes; good dog to come when called; *but naughty to ſwim after the ducks. Where do the ducks go at night?* There is a little houſe like a dog-kennel made for them to go in; but where there is no ſhelter, they moſtly ſit on the bank of a pond or river, to be ready

to drop in upon an alarm. Ducks and water-fowls do not rooſt like many other birds. I knew a young man brought up in London, who being at Hertford, came one evening, very gravely, to inform the family, "he believed the ducks were not well, as they would not go to rooſt, for he had ſet them up ſeveral times, but they fell down as often." He was confuſed to find his good intent raiſe a laugh; but ſmiled afterwards at his own ſimplicity.

I ſaw

I ſaw two black and white birds hopping about one morning, and they made an odd noiſe, what could they be? Magpies, I ſuppoſe; they make a chattering, and when young are ſoon taught to ſpeak, and imitate many words they hear. They are not very choice of their food, but careful of it; for when they have eat enough, they hide what is left for another time, and often hide many things they ſhould not: ſome ſervants have been blamed for miſlaying of trifling articles, which have been afterwards

wards found in the magpie's hiding-place. Its neſt is built of thorns (and they place the thorns outward) faſtened together with roots of graſs, then lined with graſs and wool, and plaſtered with mud. It is quite covered over the top, to preſerve the young ones (of whom it is very fond) from birds of prey. This ſhews the kind care of that great Being, who taught it thus to preſerve its brood.

Come pick a few cowſlips and violets, ſome bluebells and woodbines, which ſmell

ſmell very ſweet. *What are woodbines?* A ſhrub growing in the hedges, and contains ſo ſweet a moiſture in its flowers, that it is commonly named the honey-ſuckle. Go pick them quickly; then call our faithful dog, Prince, to return with us.

Shall I give him my handkerchief, with ſome pears tied in it, he may carry them home in his mouth? I fear it will be too heavy. We ſhould not over load him, for he is friendly even to thoſe who

ill

ill uſe him; he ſtrives much to pleaſe his maſter, and ſeems happy to offer his ſtrength and uſeful talents for his ſervice; he waits for orders, and faithfully obeys them; he conſults his looks, and underſtands them; is grateful for the ſlighteſt favours, and ſoon forgets injuries; he licks the hand juſt raiſed to ſtrike him, and ſeems to beg an excuſe by ſubmiſſion. At night, the guard of the houſe is committed to his care; is very quick of hearing in his ſleep; he ſcents ſtrangers at a diſtance,

and

I have ſeen a Dog lead a blind man, and pull him from a poſt, or round the corner of a ſtreet.

and barks an alarm at their approach: he drinks frequently, though not in abundance.

He is uſeful to the ſhepherd, he conducts the ſheep to their fold, and watches for their ſafety; he is almoſt the only animal that knows and anſwers to his name; he has a moſt curious noſe, for he can find his maſter by the ſmell amongſt a great many people; and by that means he can trace his footſteps for many miles. In ſome coun-

tries

tries they make large dogs draw carriages, and in London I have ſeen one ſo tractable, as to lead a poor blind man carefully along, ſtop before his feet, when in a dangerous path, and eagerly pull him from a poſt, or round the corner of a ſtreet. Sometimes naughty boys tie an old tin kettle to their tails, which making a noiſe againſt the ground, affrights the dog, who runs very faſt with the burthen in great pain; and, if in very hot weather, might cauſe him to go mad, and whoever he bites at that time,

time, is in danger of being ſo too. Children do not perhaps conſider theſe things; for I would hope they did not intend to be ſo cruel.

I have told you, the bee draws honey from many flowers; ſo you may get knowledge from many things by obſervation: we may ſee how the chickens obey their mother's call; we may find the little ant providing in ſummer againſt winter; we may ſee how loving and innocent the doves dwell

 together;

together; what care they all take of their young; and could we ſee the dutiful ſtork (as it is ſaid) cheriſhing and ſupporting its aged parent, we muſt admire the wiſdom of the works of Providence.

Deſpiſe no one you may be in company with, for their appearance or ſimple behaviour. Many a fine gem has a rough outſide, and we know not how to value the tree, till we are acquainted with its fruit. Interrupt no

one

one in converſation; be quick to hear, ſlow to ſpeak; veſſels ſound moſt when empty.

As many things require my being from home for ſome time to come, let me caution you to be loving and kind to one another, and to all thoſe about you; endeavour to avoid all little quarrels at play.

Do nothing in my abſence you would not like me to ſee you do, remember

though no man may ſee you, God can. (Uſe not his name in a familiar manner.) The very thoughts of our hearts are naked to his view. His goodneſs is viſible in all his works. Creatures innumerable ſpeak his praiſe.

If favoured with health at my return, I may have opportunity to give further hints to my children on divers ſubjects; in the mean time, endeavour to learn ſome of the following verſes and ſentences.

The

The DECLARATION.

I Envy no one's birth or fame,
Their title, train, or dreſs;
Nor has my pride e'er ſtretch'd its aim
Beyond what I poſſeſs.

I aſk not, wiſh not, to appear,
More beauteous, rich, or gay;
But to be wiſer every year,
And better every day.

AVOID company where it is not profitable or neceſſary; and then, ſpeak little and laſt.

Many have ſuffered by over talking, but few by ſilence.

If we think twice before we ſpeak, we may ſpeak twice the better for it.

Silence is wiſdom where ſpeaking is folly.

Better ſay nothing than not to the purpoſe; and for this reaſon we have two ears and but one tongue, becauſe we ſhould hear much and ſpeak but little.

Keep a cloſe mouth, if thou would have a wiſe head.

Be mindful of Strangers.

WHEN you a wilder'd trav'ler meet,
Guide to the road his erring feet;
Or to your roof, if late, invite,
And ſhield him from the damps of night.
To ſtill the voice of anguiſh, try
To wipe the tear from ſorrow's eye;
And every good you can, impart
With ready hand, and glowing heart;
So ſhall ye paſs, from manhood's ſtage,
Smoothly along the ſlope of age;
Then from the pleaſing journey reſt,
In peaceful ſleep, belov'd and bleſt.

TO do good is the way to find it.

The greateſt talkers, are always the leaſt doers; though ſpeech ſhould be the picture of the mind

Pride like a wild horſe, over-throws his rider.

Little ſins commonly lead to great evils.

A ſoft anſwer turneth away wrath; but a fool uttereth all his mind.

Be VIRTUOUS.

WOULD you the bloom of youth ſhould laſt,
'Tis virtue that muſt bind it faſt;
An eaſy carriage wholly free
From ſour reſerve or levity;
Good-natur'd mirth, an open heart,
And looks unſkill'd in any art;
Theſe are the charms that ne'er decay,
Though youth and beauty fade away;
And time, which all things elſe removes,
Still heightens virtue and improves.

The REQUEST.

I.

PRESERVE me, Lord, amidſt the crowd,
From every thought that's vain and proud;
And raiſe my wand'ring mind to ſee
How good it is to truſt in thee.

II.

From all the enemies of truth,
Do thou preſerve me through my youth;
And free my mind from worldly cares,
Youthful ſins and youthful ſnares.

III.

Within my heart, where evil's prone,
Let ſeeds of early grace be ſown;
And water'd by thy heav'nly love
Till it ſhall riſe to joys above.

LIFE

LIFE is SHORT.

OUR life, like any Weaver's ſhuttle flies,
Or like a tender flow'ret fades and dies;
Or like a race it ends without delay,
Or like a vapour vaniſhes away;
Or like a candle which each moment waſtes,
Or like a veſſel under ſail it haſtes;
Or like a poſt it gallops very faſt,
Or like the ſhadow of a cloud 'tis paſt.
Our caſtle is but weak, and ſtrong the foe,
Our breath is ſhort, our death is certain too;
But as his coming is a ſecret ſtill,
Let us be ready, come death when he will.

The Ten Commandments.

RENOUNCE all other gods, but only me,
And to no image bow thy heart or knee.
Take not the awful name of God in vain,
Nor e'er his holy ſabbath-day prophane.
Honour thy parents, and thou long ſhalt live;
Commit not murder, but all wrongs forgive.
From filthy luſts, keep ſoul and body free,
Nor ſteal, though preſs'd by dire neceſſity.
Againſt thy neighbour, ne'er falſe witneſs bear,
Nor covet goods, in which thou haſt no ſhare.

Extract from the Book of Wiſdom:

Diſpiſe not thy Mother when ſhe is old.

'TIS Wiſdom ſpeaks—her voice divine
Attend, my ſon, and life is thine.
Let virtue's lamp thy footſteps guide,
And ſhun the dang'rous heights of pride;
The peaceful vale, the golden mean,
The path of life purſue ſerene.

From infancy what ſufferings ſpring—
While yet a naked helpleſs thing,
Who o'er thy limbs a cov'ring caſt,
To ſhield thee from th' inclement blaſt?
Thy mother—honour her—her arms
Secur'd thee from a thouſand harms;

When

When helpleſs, hanging on her breaſt,
She ſooth'd thy ſobbing heart to reſt;
Thoughtful of thee, before the day
Shot thro' the dark its riſing ray;
Thoughtful of thee, when ſable night
Again had quench'd the beams of light;
To heav'n, in ceaſeleſs pray'r for thee
She rais'd her head, and bent her knee.
Deſpiſe her not, now feeble grown—
Oh! make her wants and woes thy own;
Let not thy lips rebel; nor eyes,
Her weakneſs, frailty, years, deſpiſe;
From youthful inſolence defend,
Be patron, huſband, guardian, friend.
Thus ſhalt thou ſooth, in life's decline,
The mis'ries that may once be thine.

A DREAM.

TOrtur'd with pain, as late I ſleepleſs lay,
Oppreſs'd with care, impatient for the day,
Juſt at the dawn, a gentle ſlumber came,
And to my wand'ring fancy brought this dream.

Methought my pains were huſh'd, and I was laid
In earth's cold lap, among the ſilent dead;
Prop'd on my arm, I view'd, with vaſt ſurpriſe,
This laſt retreat of all the great and wiſe;
Where fool, with knave, in friendly conſort lies.
Whilſt thus I gaz'd, behold a wretch appear'd,
In beggar's garb, with loathſome filth beſmear'd,
His carcaſe, Lazar like, was cruſted o'er
With odious Leproſy, one horrid ſore;

This

This wretch approach'd, and laid him by my
ſide;
How great a ſhock was this to mortal pride
Enrag'd I cry'd—"Friend, keep the diſtance due
" To us of rank, from beggars ſuch as you;
" Obſerve ſome manners, and do me the grace,
" To move far off, and quit your betters place."
" And what art thou, audacious! (he reply'd)
" That thus doth ſhew ſuch reliques of thy pride?
" What though in life the harder lot was mine,
" Of eaſe and plenty every bleſſing thine,
" Yet here, diſtinctions ceaſe; a beggar's duſt
" Shall riſe with kings—more happy if more
juſt;
" Till then we both one common maſs ſhall join,
" And ſpite of ſcorn, my aſhes mix with thine."

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END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.